

Pro Wrestling Sushi

Jeff Mullins, Editor, P.O. Box 36189, San Jose, CA 95158-6189

A brief interruption in the publication schedule, if you will. . .

Hello, everyone! No, this is not the 114th issue of Sushi. (And the subscription balance on your mailing label has not been reduced.) This is just a note to let you know that for the time being I'm swamped with the realities of real life, which means, until the smoke clears, Sushi's publication schedule will continue to be temporarily interrupted. When will the next issue of Sushi come out? As of this moment I don't know and I suspect future issues of Sushi will be irregular as well.

For those of you who are the Stone Cold Steve Austin types and don't give a rat's ass about the reasons why I'm swamped, skip the next two paragraphs.

For those of you who want to know the the intimate details of my PRIVATE LIFE (no doubt you're the kind of people who were disappointed that President Clinton's 8/17 televised "I Confess" speech did not include detailed home videos of 1) EXACTLY what he meant by "inappropriate" behavior with Monica Lewinsky and 2) the LOOK on Hillary's face when he finally told her he'd been acting like Val Venis behind her back) here's the poop.

Marriage and moving into a new home has been really cool, but sending out all those change of address cards takes an inordinate amount of time. Getting my old town-house ready for sale, or rent, is taking an even more incredibly inordinate amount of time. (You know those Century 21 real estate ads on TV, were they make selling a home seem like a walk in the park. What they don't show is all the crapolla that people have to do and go through before the FOR SALE or RENT signs go up!) Then there's the new and adjusted financial planning that's got to be done when two incredibly wealthy people like my new bride and I comingle funds and assets and make out new wills. And because the new bride and I are both highly paid public school teachers, it's that time of the year again to reclaim our classrooms and get ready for school: she's getting ready to greet 20 innocent little Kindergarten kiddies, while I'm getting ready to defend my life against 150 hormonally challenged, pre-teenage, mutant ninja middle schoolers (whose parents are so glad that summer vacation is over, they won't send or drive these kids to school, they'll launch 'em from cannons!) Also, my teaching assignment will be a bit different this year, and I've got a lot of preparation ahead. Also, since I'm newly married, I'm spending a lot of time with the new bride playing parlor games, you know, doing what Bill wasn't doing at home with Hillary when he was staying late at the office entertaining the intern. ("Hi, Hillary, honey. I won't be home (MUMPH-SLURP!) for dinner tonight. Something big's come up (OOOH, YESSS!) and I'll be eating take-out (ARGHH!) here at the Oval Office!") Also, because my new bride and I think it would be nice for my nine-and-a-half year old nephew Jubie Jay Mullins to have an older brother and a true icon to look up to, we are thinking about adopting Eric Bemben. Right now, negotiations with Eric's parents are stalled. Yes, it's about money. The Bembens are holding out for thirty-eight dollars and sixteen cents, whereas our final offer is that we'll take Eric off their hands for forty dollars in unmarked bills and we won't take a penny less! As you can see, I've been swamped.

WWF helps restore peace in the White House

According to Sushi News Service (SNS), during the days following The President's "I sorta bopped the babe" speech, there has been heard emitting from the residential section of the White House horrific popping sounds and nightly screams--screams of agonizing, excruciating, torturous pain.

According to SNS crack reporter New Jack Hammeroyd, immediately following The President's confession that he'd been having more than a lap-top computer sitting on his lap during the 18 months in question, The First Lady contacted Vince McMahon of the WWF and asked him to send her "that odd little group of Japanese wrestlers," including that wicked little Yamaguchi-san and the cane he used to whack Val Venis and his Super-Soaker a couple of weeks back.

Hey, and didn't we all snicker and scoff a few months ago when Vince received that humanitarian award? Shame on us. Though it is difficult to imagine the WWF playing a major role in helping to restore "family values" to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Ahhhh, graps. Gotta love it.

So, 'til the smoke clears, gang. See you all then! (Special apologies to those of you who sent letters for publication. If they still "fit," we'll run 'em in issue #114 when it comes out.) Later, dudes.--JDM]